

Life

SEPTEMBER 16, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS



Life

THE LAST STRAW

BAIRNS FATHER



Identify the aristocrat
of pens by this
white dot

How long will a Lifetime pen last?

There is no one in the world ancient enough to answer that question. Like an old Greek vase, the Lifetime* pen may outlive the ages. Always it carries the white dot. Always it is *guaranteed for a lifetime*. And that means just that. For so long as you may carry this ever-dependable writer, the makers will keep it in condition without charge. We can do that because it is *made to last*, made of beautiful Radite, a practically indestructible material. And its full iridium point defies wear. This remarkable guarantee establishes a new day in merchandising.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, \$8.75, Ladies', \$7.50—pencil, \$4.25

Blue Label Leads—fifteen cents

At better stores everywhere

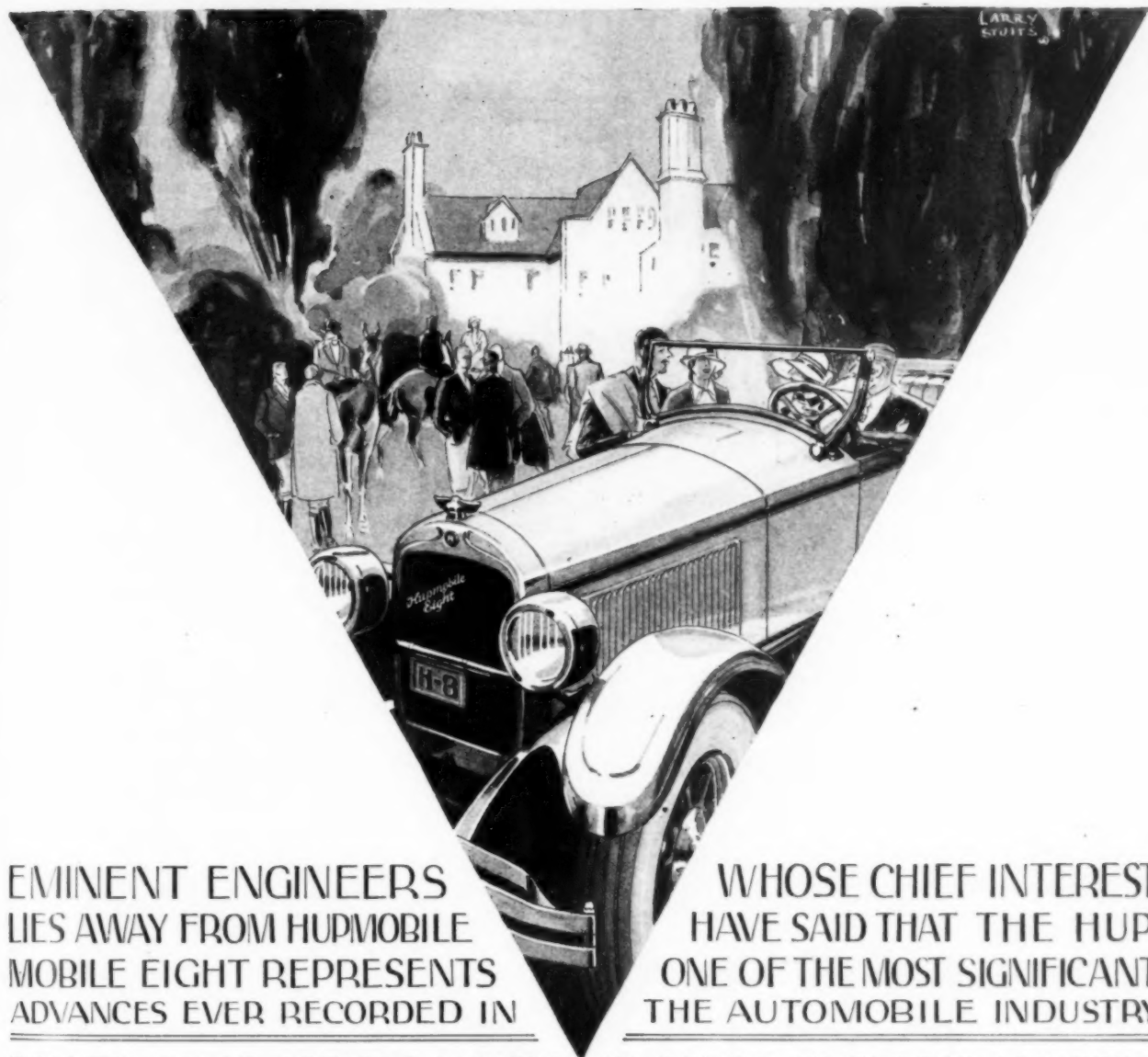
SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

DONALD
DENTON
1937



EMINENT ENGINEERS
LIES AWAY FROM HUPMOBILE
MOBILE EIGHT REPRESENTS
ADVANCES EVER RECORDED IN

WHOSE CHIEF INTEREST
HAVE SAID THAT THE HUP-
ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT
THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

BEAUTY, COLOR OPTIONS, LUXURY, IN SEVEN ENCLOSED AND OPEN
BODIES, \$1945 TO \$2595 F.O.B. DETROIT, PLUS REVENUE TAX
IN THE FINE CAR FIELD, THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

THE DISTINGUISHED HUPMOBILE 8



A Sweet Old Pipe from the First Day On

*—from England comes the pipe
that needs no "breaking in."*

A new pipe is like new wine—raw and biting. No man likes that.

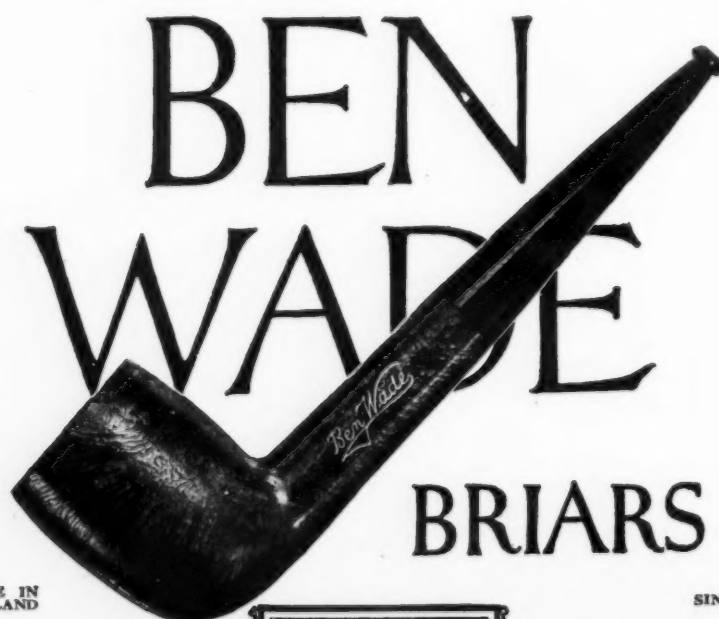
But new Ben Wades—sir, that's different. A new Ben Wade is sweet and old from the first day on. After you've admired the clean, patrician lines and the rich-grained gleaming finish, and the wide, flat-bitted stems—then notice the light colored finish *inside* the bowl.

No flaw-hiding stain or varnish to be smoked out. Open pores to absorb impurities and permit the pipe to "color." Just fine briar polished and pumiced to perfection.

The Ben Wade family of Leeds know their art. Since 1860 Ben Wade men have been pipe makers to the English gentry. A pipe by them is as mellow as the tone of a Cremona violin. Lustrous as your polished riding boots. Sweet as a breath from a Yorkshire moor in May.

Ask your best tobacconist—then ask yourself if you've ever seen finer pipes.

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT



MADE IN
ENGLAND



SINCE 1860

Complacency

WHEN retrospection takes control,
And gibbering doubts come creeping in,
I view with scorn my shrinking soul,
And see the man I might have been.

The petals of the man unfold:
I see him with a brow benign,
Of gentle nature, heart of gold,
This noble counterpart of mine.

He never stoops to compromise;
His countenance, serenely bright,
Is open as the summer skies;
His thoughts and words are always right.

And so, when doubt comes creeping in,
To undermine my soul, alas,
I see the man I might have been,
And how I hate the silly ass!
Sherran Ripley.

A New York Political Questionnaire

Q. What part will the tariff play in the next presidential campaign?

A. The law should be modified so as to permit the sale of light wine and beer.

Q. Do you think that the revolt of the Western farmers will cause a split in the Republican Party?

A. They have the right idea in Quebec; sale under Government supervision.

Q. In your opinion should the United States become more closely affiliated with the League of Nations?

A. Everybody knows that one-half of one per cent. alcohol is not intoxicating.

Q. Should the United States cancel, or still further reduce, the war debts of European nations?

A. You can't convince me I'm a criminal just because I like a high-ball now and then.

Q. What should be done to discourage the sale of Senate seats?

A. Six-per-cent. beer and twelve-per-cent. wine would be about right.

Q. Should the railroads be permitted to raise their rates in view of bus and motor-truck competition?

A. If real beer were to be legalized, there'd be less drinking of hard stuff.
A. H. F.

On Automobile Row

PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER:
Do you guarantee this car?

AUTO DEALER: Certainly not, sir. That's a brand-new car—we guarantee only used cars.



Satisfaction

that only Frigidaire can give

There are very definite, specific reasons why Frigidaire has won the enthusiastic endorsement of more than 200,000 users.

Back of it are the financial strength and the engineering resources of General Motors. Into it is built the production experience of the world's largest manufacturer of fine mechanical products.

If you want the dependability, the low operating cost, the service that have won world leadership for Frigidaire be sure that the electric refrigerator you buy is a genuine Frigidaire.

"This modern 'ice man' calls once—with Frigidaire—and the ice stays always"



Frigidaire

PRODUCT of GENERAL MOTORS

Mail this Coupon for the Frigidaire Catalog

FRIGIDAIRE,
Dept. V-36, DAYTON, OHIO

Please send me a copy of the Frigidaire Catalog

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Be Sure it is a Frigidaire~Product of General Motors

CHRYSLER 70



How Quality Standardization Builds Long Life in Chrysler "70"



NEW
CHRYSLER "70" PRICES
Coach, \$1395; Roadster, \$1525;
Sedan, \$1545; Royal Coupe,
\$1695; Brougham, \$1745;
Royal Sedan, \$1795; Crown
Sedan, \$1895.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject
to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Model Numbers
Mean Miles Per Hour

Long life is the fruit of Chrysler's standardization of quality — the planned result of an engineering and manufacturing precision which, in its all-embracing scope, is new to the motor car industry.

Chrysler Standardized Quality is the complete co-ordination of the finest in engineering design, the best of alloy steels, the utmost of precision in human and mechanical operations, and, after all else, inspections that are well nigh infallible in their accuracy.

Where ordinary engineering is satisfied with the customary margins of safety, Chrysler engineering has provided lighter alloy steels tested under stresses thousands of pounds greater

Many owners are driving Chrysler "70s" in their second hundred thousand miles.

They are marveling at the quality which continues to deliver its miles with undimmed vigor and at upkeep costs low beyond all precedent.

than they will ever be called upon to meet. Where ordinary manufacture is usually content with limits of a thousandth of an inch, Chrysler "70" craftsmanship painstakingly calibrates in ten-thousandths.

Therefore, it has been only logical that not only Chrysler "70's" speed and power should eclipse all previous performance; its striking and smart appearance should outmode all existing body design, but—

Most important of all—that its remarkable endurance should be obsoleting pre-conceived ideas of durability and long life, even though its hundreds of thousands of owners exact from their cars the seemingly impossible in performance.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Life

New York at a Glance

STOP! Go!...Apartment for Rent. (No children.)...15c first 1/4 mi. 5c each add. mi....I'd walk a mile for a Camel...."Baggage, mister?"... "Is it good stuff?"... "Lotsa room inside the car!"... Join the Navy.... "Line forms to the right."... "Wrong number, dammit!"... Polo Grounds, Round Trip 75c.... "Whew! that was close!"... No Traffic. Street Under Repair.... "Stop thief!"... Bus Boy Wanted.... "Wanna buy a ticket for this performance, stranger?"... I Am Blind.... "Standin' room only!"... "You're next."... Abie's Irish Rose.... Danger.... "Hands up!"... "C'n yuh help a bloke git a cuppa coffee, buddy?"... United Cigar Stores.... Building Going Up.... One-Way Street.... Building Coming Down.... "Oh, yes; a boyish bob is much more becomin'."... "Let 'em off foist!"... Glorifying the American Girl.... "Don't push!"... "Let's see your license."... "Taxi?"... "Were you delayed in the tie-up this mornin'?"... "Watchya step!"... "Goin' up!"... "What d'ya say, kid?"... Follow the green line.... No Parking.... "Peanuts! Candy!"... Subway Sun.... "Pull over t' th' coib!"... Open Air Line.... "Hat check?"... "Git yer program fer t'night's fight!"... Andy Gump.... "I'm a stranger here myself."... "Joinal! Woild! Sun! Tele!"... Murder.... Divorce.... Suicide.... Bigamy.... Arson.... Forgery.... Hold-up. Stop! Go!...

Norman Daly.

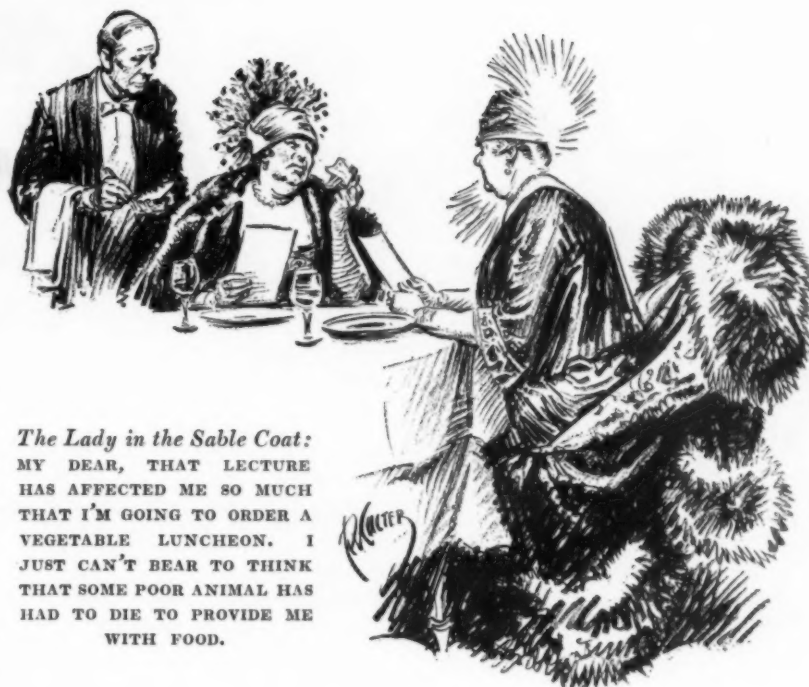
Fitting

ADVERTISING EXPERT: So you want a name for your new thousand-acre estate in the country? Are there any trees on the land at all?

PROUD LANDOWNER: Oh, yes, there's maples, poplars, a lot of pine, some scrub oak, and one chestnut tree.

EXPERT (after thinking furiously for one full minute): I have it! A superb name, sir! "The Elms"!

COALS to Newcastle—Telling a lie to a press agent.



The Lady in the Sable Coat: MY DEAR, THAT LECTURE HAS AFFECTED ME SO MUCH THAT I'M GOING TO ORDER A VEGETABLE LUNCHEON. I JUST CAN'T BEAR TO THINK THAT SOME POOR ANIMAL HAS HAD TO DIE TO PROVIDE ME WITH FOOD.

Gossip from the Training Courts

"TUNNEY has a good case," said a district attorney to-day after watching the challenger's work. "Dempsey'll never get to him," added a lawyer who hasn't missed a big legal battle in forty years. "This

fellow's lightning-fast on interposing a demurrer. And look at the way he non-suited that Western light-heavyweight. Of course, the Western lawyer's only a sparring partner, but he isn't letting judgment go by default."

Dempsey's court is equally confident. The champ is working out daily with heavyweight corporation lawyers. "If Dempsey lands that application for an injunction, the fight's over," said a Supreme Court Justice. "I look for a verdict in Dempsey's favor in an early hearing."

Thomas Pye.

Jest Between Us Girls

FLOPSY: Why on earth don't you marry him? His net earnings must have been at least twenty-five thousand last year.

MOPSY: True enough—but it's his gross yearnings that I can't stand.

Watch Your Instep!

"JIM has a new stunt. When he's swimming with a girl he tickles the sole of her foot."

"What does he do that for?"

"He says he always gets a kick out of it."



Esther Plummer

"YOU JUST KNOW SHE WEARS THEM."



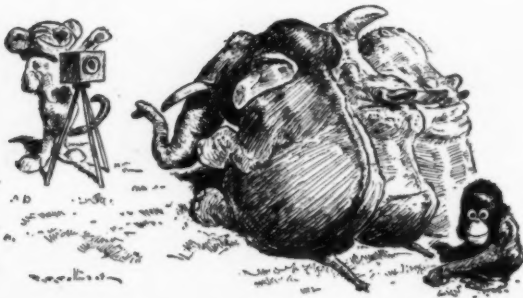
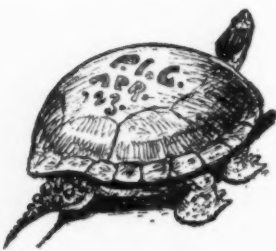
Thomas Starling Sullivant

HE held the convex mirror up to Truth
And captured her with laughter.

In his youth

Around God's Toy Shop, wonder-eyed he strayed
And watched the Puppets, marked how they were made,
Studied their works and learned the secret springs
That made them walk or swim or flap their wings.
The proud Giraffe, the humble Tortoise bowed
With household care, the Centaur beetle-browed,
The delicate Deer, the Ape with curious eyes,
The Elephant mysteriously wise,
The trembling Hare—the Hippopotamus.
With loving art and zeal meticulous
He mastered them and made them live for us.
Now they shall live for him and write his name
And high achievement in the Book of Fame.
In every work that bears his Signature
Resides a Spirit destined to endure,
Hunting, remote, intangible, that links
His soul with that Unknown who carved the Sphinx.

O. H.



The Expulsion from Eden

(As Probably Related to the Little Light Bearers by Bishop Adna W. Leonard of the M. E. Church.)

AT our last talk, children, we learned how Adam and Eve, two good one-hundred-percent Anglo-Saxons with not a drop of Latin blood or other nasty fluid in their veins, were ensconced in the Garden of Eden. But now comes a sad, sad story. Has any one a handkerchief? Thank you, Wesley.

There was also living in the Garden of Eden a terrible, terrible creature called the Alsmith, who not only was not one-hundred-percent Anglo-Saxon, but was even part Irish! Now the Alsmith was very, very envious of Adam and Eve because they were having such a pleasant, simple, innocent time in the Garden, so one day when Eve was going by he said to her, "Pssst!"

So Eve, in her innocence and guilelessness, stopped and asked him what he wanted and the Alsmith said, "Pssst! Try some of this," and he handed her an apple. So Eve said, "No, I cannot eat the apple, because we are prohibited by the Holy Amendment from eating apples, since they might some day become Cider, which would turn Hard and might eventuate into Applejack."

But the Alsmith persisted until at last poor Eve said, "Well, I will take just one nibble, but I must be home by ten o'clock sharp." So she took a couple of nibbles and went home reeling, and the Alsmith hissed in Satanic delight.

And when Adam saw the condition in which she arrived he said, "H'm, I didn't know you were acquainted with any joints in this neighborhood. Tell me all about it and I'll go down and raid it and we will be guileless and innocent again."

So Eve told him all about the Alsmith and how he had lured her into eating the apple, and she was very repentant and went to bed with a towel around her head, and Adam went down to raid the Club Alsmith.

And when he got there the Alsmith said, "Ah-ha, another cash customer!" And before Adam could make any protest he had bought two apples and the Alsmith was setting up one on the house. And when Adam finally got home he played the Lotto set all night, and the next morning they were thrown out as un-



First Typist: HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN GOING AROUND WITH FREDDIE?

Second Typist: OH, ABOUT THREE PERMANENT WAVES.

desirable tenants and "the next day had to find a furnished room in a terrible, terrible place more than an hour out of Eden on the Sodom, Gomorrah and New York Railroad.

Tip Bliss.

JEAN: But if you quarrel all the time, why marry him?

JOAN: Well, I can't get even with him by divorcing him if we're only engaged, can I?

Offering Them Shelter

A FARMER hurried to chase a small boy out of his wood lot, where the youngster was picking posies.

"What are you going to do with those flowers?" he called.

"They're wild ones, aren't they?" replied the boy.

"Yes, but—"

"Well, I just thought I'd like to give a few of them a good home."



Futility

"DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD. YOU'RE COVERED BY INSURANCE, AREN'T YOU?"
"YES, BUT THE THREE HOURS I SPENT LAST NIGHT STRAIGHTENING UP MY DESK ARE WASTED NOW."

Six Ways Not to Begin a Joke

1. "THE funniest thing about this one is that it's actually true."
2. "I know you'd just scream your head off at this one if I could only tell it in dialect. It isn't at all funny otherwise."
3. "You won't get the point of this one unless you've been to Peoria, Illinois, and seen the fellow that takes up the collection in the Methodist Church there."
4. "Al Jolson told this one. He's got a way with him, that boy. It ain't so much what he says as the way he says it."
5. "I heard this one in the washroom on a train going to Philly. Perhaps it ain't just the sort I oughta spring in mixed company."
6. "An Irishman told this Jewish joke at a Jewish dinner. They tell me it didn't go over very big."

S. S. S.

The Rougher Sex

"MOTHER," said little Jack, "will you hold Julie's hands while I kiss her good night?"



Musical Genius: CONGRATULATE ME, OLD MAN.

Friend: WHAT FOR?

Musical Genius: I'VE JUST COMPLETED MY FIRST UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.

Life



Lines

THE last war was fought to end all wars; the next one will be fought to end all debts.

JL

General PERSHING visited Marshal FOCH recently, probably for a reminiscent discussion of the good old days when both were fighting on the same side.

JL

Says KRISHNAMURTI, the "new Messiah" of the Theosophists: "I look with favor upon the institution of marriage, but it is not for me." Precisely the attitude of many of our lawgivers regarding Prohibition.

JL

The National Industrial Conference Board reveals the interesting fact that the cost of living has decreased 3.4 per cent. since last November.

"It just goes to show," said the grocer to the butcher, "that you can't believe everything you see in the papers."

JL

TEX RICKARD and the Philadelphia authorities have come to blows over every detail of the imminent ring battle. They are probably trying to set Messrs. DEMPSEY and TUNNEY a good example.

JL

From now on, Philadelphia's big show will have to be known as the Texquicentennial.

JL

"SENSATIONAL lady's bedroom rug, hand-worked in silk, \$125."

—New York Herald Tribune.

Going out of business?

JL

During the last fiscal year Americans drank enough "pop" to float a fleet of battleships, reports the American Association of Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages. "At last," retorts the Hardened Sinner who always takes his straight, "they've found a use for the stuff."

JL

"Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Brady and sons Arthur Jr. and George left yesterday for New York, where they remain abroad for a month."

—Anderson (Ind.) Herald.

They visited Harlem, Brooklyn, Greenwich Village and other foreign localities.

JL

Exports of paper and pulp from Canada during the first six months of 1926 amounted to \$82,866,995. We don't know much about the quality of the paper, but the pulp was no tastier than the stuff we make right in our own homes.

In the Throes

The Precious Thoughts of an Author at Work

By Dorothy Parker

NOW where's the pencil? A person can't be expected to write without a pencil, anybody knows that much. Never saw anything like it—every time I turn my back, somebody takes my pencil. You'd think people would have more to do. Pencils, pencils, pencils, that's all they care about. I bet I can use "pencil" in a sentence. Take care of the pounds, and the pencil take care of themselves. No, anybody could do that. An extra pair pencil cost you three dollars. Oh, the hell with it. I've got my work to do.

Ah, where is it? Wouldn't you think people could leave a person's pencil alone? I should think I had just about enough to put up with, without everybody's stealing my pencil. Here I am sitting at this rotten desk working my head off, and everybody else out having a good time. And me with a cold coming on, too. Probably I've got a fever. And not a clinical thermometer in this house. A person could burn up in this house and nobody would know. Not that they'd care. "No," they'd say, "you just sit there at your desk and run a temperature, and we'll go out and have the time of our lives." That's all anybody ever says to me. All I ever do is work. And these the best years of my life. Oh, don't mind about me. I'll stay here and work, and you all go along and have a good time. And if you could manage to choke yourselves to death while you're doing it, I'd take it as a favor.

It seems little enough to ask for—just a pencil, so I can get to work. Everybody that ever wrote had to have a pencil. Carlyle and every-

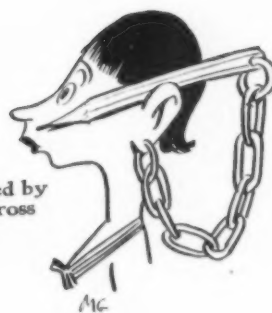
body. Yes, and a little peach Carlyle must have been. That's the only lucky break I ever got, that I didn't know that boy. Throwing teacups across the breakfast table. And that thing he said about Frances Willard. When she said, "I accept the Universe," and he said, "Gad, she'd better," and everybody thought it was such a wow. I never saw anything in it. I guess it was Frances

Willard. I guess it was Carlyle.

I bet Carlyle would have been in a cute temper if anybody had taken his pencil. Just because I don't go around throwing teacups doesn't say I'm not good and sore, myself. I'd like to know who took that pencil. Just as a matter of curiosity. It must make a nice, satisfactory noise, a teacup smashing against a head.

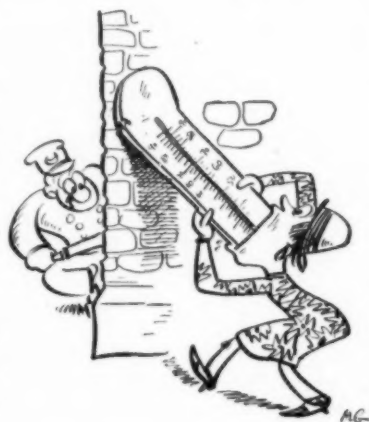
Took my pencil, did you? Socko!

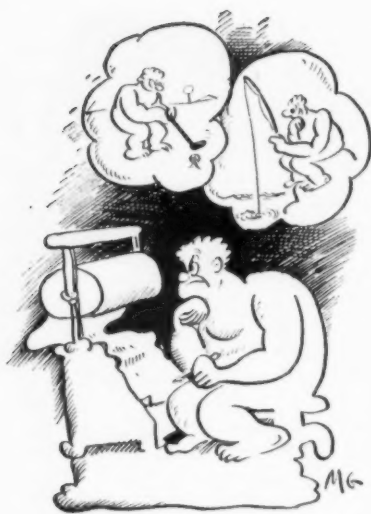
It isn't as if it were a pencil anybody would want. Not gold or anything. I hate people that have gold pencils sticking out of their pockets. I hope they all choke. I'd take an enamel pencil, though—blue or bright red. But nobody will ever give me one. Nobody ever gives me anything. All

Decorated by
Milt Gross

they ever do is say they mustn't interrupt my work. And then they steal my pencil—my poor little lousy wooden pencil, without even an eraser on it. When I make a mistake, I have to spit on my finger and rub it out that way. That's the only thing I ever learned at school that did me any good afterwards. There's another pretty thing—education. I ought to write something about education, some time. Good and bitter, too. Yes, but how are you going to write if you haven't any pencil?

THERE'S life for you. Spend the best years of your life studying penmanship and rhetoric and syntax and Beowulf and George Eliot, and then somebody steals your pencil. I'd like to know what anybody wants to be a writer for, anyhow. And what do you do, Mrs. Parker? Oh, I write. There's a hot job for a healthy woman. I wish I'd taken a course in interior decorating. I wish

NOT EVEN A THERMOMETER
AROUND.MG CARLYLE THREW
TEACUPS.



WHY JACK IS SUCH A DULL BOY.

I'd gone on the stage. I wish I didn't have to work at all. I was made for love, anyway.

I WISH I could write something that would make a lot of money. This is a fine thing to be doing, at my age, sitting here making up sissy verses about broken hearts and that tripe. A dollar a line, and like it. Fat you'll get doing that. The way I'd like to get money is in chunks, not drips. It isn't as if I'd make a fool of myself. Just some decent clothes, and maybe a string of pearls. Oh, God, those pearls in Cartier's window! Silky and not quite pink. It wouldn't matter what you had on, if you had them. A string of pearls like that would be an economy. Even that brown dress would look all right with them. That's the worst dress anybody ever had. Maybe I could have the skirt fixed and something done to the neck. If you had money, you'd never have to have anything fixed over. Just give it to the chambermaid. Oh, that's all right, I hope you have a good time in it. I bet chambermaids have a swell time. I wish I was a chambermaid.

You wouldn't catch a chambermaid spending the best years of her life sitting at a desk working like a stevedore. They don't write. Maybe some of them do. Maybe they write plays, nights. I wish I could write a play. I wish I had a play all written. I wish it was a good play. I wish it was the best play anybody ever

wrote. Ever. Better than "Hamlet." That's a good play.

AND a lot a person can do about writing a play, without any pencil. I'd like to see Eugene O'Neill, even, write a play without a pencil. I wish I was Eugene O'Neill and had a pencil. I bet nobody takes his pencils. Just a common, ordinary, wooden pencil—that's the lowest thing I ever heard of in my life, taking a thing like that. A little, cheap pencil, like blind men sell; you'd have to be pretty mean to steal that. The Meanest Thief. Meanest Thief Robs Blind Pencil-Seller. You know what a thing like that makes you? Sick at heart, that's what it makes you. And this is civilization. Civilization, my eye.

Taking a pencil away from a poor woman that has to make her living with it—that's nice. Not even an eraser on it. You could buy a cord of them for a dollar and a half. Thirty-five dollars, and you could corner the market. If I had thirty-five dollars, I could have that blue hat with the cornflowers. That's my hat. Out of all the world that's my hat. I love that hat. I love it better than anything on earth. Probably some woman has bought it by now; some woman with nose-glasses and an interesting case of rosacea. I bet she's wearing it right now, while I sit here slaving. I hope she chokes. I hope she's choking this minute.

Oh, there's the pencil! Right there beside the pad—not even underneath. You would show up, wouldn't you, sweetheart? Couldn't let me have a minute off, away from this rotten desk, to go out and get a new box of pencils, could you, pet? Couldn't let me go down to the stationer's, and get a little bit of fresh air. Oh, no. Not you. A lot you care about my health. And all sharpened nice and pretty, too, aren't you? Couldn't give Mother just a moment's

respite, to find a knife and sharpen you. "No blessed leisure for hope and love, but only time for grief." That's "The Song of the Shirt." I used to know the whole damn thing.

Look at that nice sharp pencil and that nice new pad just waiting for Mother. Isn't that dandy? All right, you snakes, I'll show you.

AH, the sun's coming out! It's going to be a lovely day, after all. Isn't that the meanest thing you ever saw in your life? Everybody else out in God's blessed sunlight storing up health and happiness, and here I am chained to this desk, working my fingers to the bone. Probably the only decent day we'll have for a month, and I have to spend it like this. And I'll never be any younger, either. I'm just about at my best, right now. And here I sit.

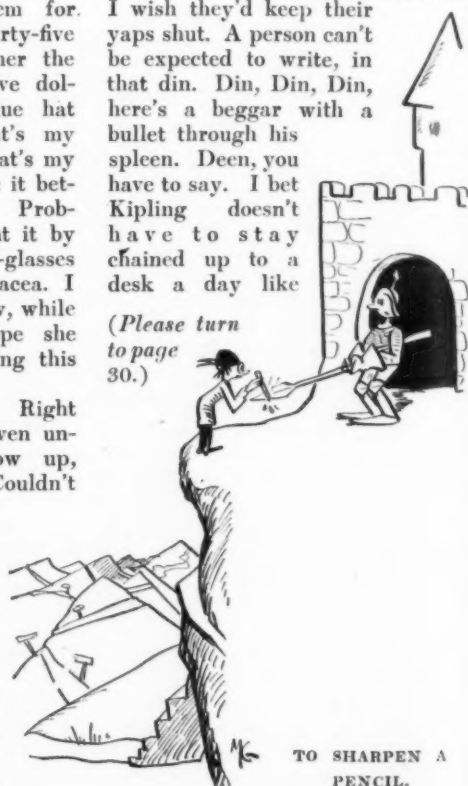
All those rotten little birds, bellowing their lungs out.

I wish they'd keep their yaps shut. A person can't be expected to write, in that din. Din, Din, Din, here's a beggar with a bullet through his spleen. Deen, you have to say. I bet Kipling doesn't have to stay chained up to a desk a day like

(Please turn to page 30.)



"I HOPE SHE CHOKES."



TO SHARPEN A PENCIL.



"WHAT YER WISHIN' TO GO IN THE COUNTRY FER? AIN'T WE GOT A TREE RIGHT HERE ON THE BLOCK?"

The Children's Hour

"A STORY, Mommy," clamored the Thoroughly Modern Kiddies, bunching round their T. M. Mother in their little insulated nighties.

"We-ll," began Mommy, snatching her Lalique flask from the lips of little Hector, "once upon a time there was a man who sold so many bonds that he became—"

"Na-aw. A fairy story, Mommy!"

"Well," said Mommy absently, and crossed her legs for a peep at her diamond knee-watch, "once upon a time there was a girl who married a million dollars and six cars and—"

"Baw!" "No success stories, Mommy!" "Raspberries!"

For a long time Mommy wrinkled her enameled brow. So long, in fact, that her Corona-Corona nearly died on her. Then:

"Once upon a time," she began brightly, "there was a man who really didn't believe that he could poke up a log fire better than anybody else

in the whole wide world. How do you like him?"

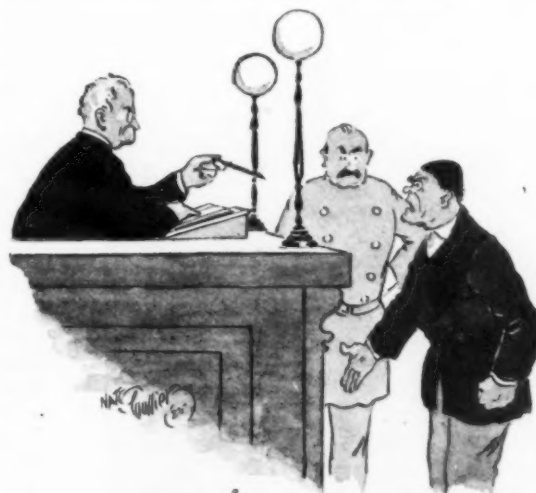
"O. K.," approved young Orvis.

"And he met a girl who had once met another girl and talked for ten minutes without once mentioning

hair. Does she get by?" inquired Mommy anxiously.

"You bet!" shrilled the chorus. "Let's go!" And tucking their little white nighties about them, they settled down against Mommy's knees for an hour in the wonderful Land of Make-Believe.

Stanley Jones.



Judge: REMEMBER, IF WE CAN'T CONVICT YOU IN THIS STATE, WE'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE MARYLAND AUTHORITIES. WOULD YOU RATHER BE HANGED IN MARYLAND OR IN CALIFORNIA?

Prisoner: IF IT'S ALL THE SAME, JUDGE, I THINK I'D RATHER BE HANGED IN EFFIGY.

Editorial Policy

EDITOR OF STONE AGE GAZETTE: Bi-ceps, write our contributors, please, and remind them that they must chip on one side of the stone only and each contribution must be accompanied by a wheelbarrow to insure its safe return.

That's So

"WHAT do you get if you don't boil your drinking water?" asked the teacher.

"Typhoid fever," replied the pupils.

"And when you boil your water?" began the teacher.

"Soup," chorused the bright youngsters.



At the Packers' Convention

"WHAT'S THE PROFESSOR BLABBIN' ABOUT NOW?"
 "HE'S TALKIN' ABOUT THE ETHICS OF THE INDUSTRY."
 "YEAH? SAY, WHAT PART OF THE HOG IS AN ETHIC?"

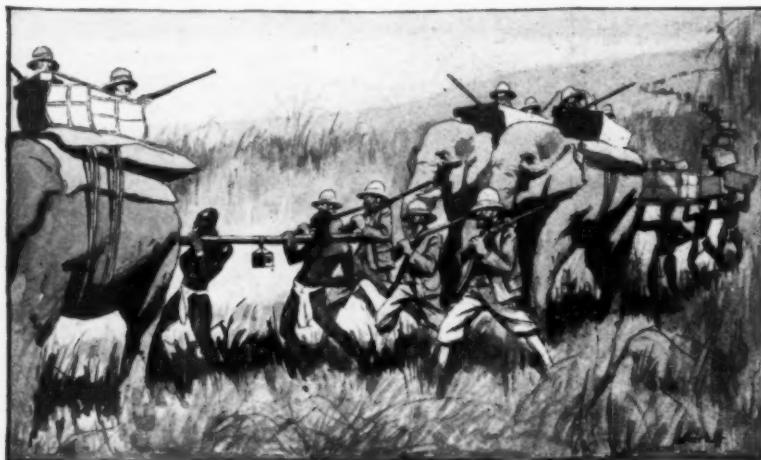
Mrs. Pep's Diary

August 25th Awake betimes, reading in the public prints, and reflecting that if a good fairy were to come along and give me three wishes, I should elect, for one thing, to know who committed the Hall-Mills murder. Then up and did on travelling togs, and off by motor for Saratoga to lunch with F. and go to the races, and whilst we were still driving along the lake Sam sighted a girl in knickerbockers, a vision which affects him much as a

red rag is said to affect a bull. I'll wager she has on silk stockings and slippers, too! he bawled in his wrath, and her approach proved him right in his suspicions, so I kept a discreet silence, so fearsome was I that he would pause and harangue her. On through the pleasant country, and through Amsterdam, where Mr. Sanford makes his carpets in factories across from his great house, and I could not but think what splendid material that family would be for a

novelist like Louis Bromfield, the proofs of whose new book, "Early Autumn," I am now reading, and so to our destination in good time, making a fine meal on broilers and bacon, string beans, summer squash and peaches, after which to the track, where I did wager on every race save one, and finished seven dollars and fifty cents to the good, which I do deem a fair profit for one who scarce knows the difference between a wither and a fetlock. And had Sam wagered on the second race, as I told him to do, I should have come off even better, forasmuch as Midnette, the horse I favored, won, but Sam returned from the paddock with the news that they were such a miserable bunch of entries that he would lay nought on any of them, unmindful that one of the number, however deplorable, must finish ahead of the others. After tea back to Cooperstown, stopping for dinner at a place called Big Nose Inn, the hill roads over which Sam chose to take me being beautiful, but so abandoned that I did fear hold-ups by bandits, albeit my husband did assure me that the most dire animate object we were likely to encounter would be a polecat. I must set down

(Continued on page 35)



THE LOOSEGELT EXPEDITION EMERGES FROM THE JUNGLE WITH A RARE SPECIMEN OF FLEA.

On the Harde High Road

A Modern Ballad

AS I wauked outte uponne the
roade
A mayden didde I meete,
All cladde in silke with buckled
shoon
Upon her lyttel feete.

"Now, prettye lasse," thenne didde
I saye,
"What makes ye wauk so sair?
The moon rydes high in yonder skye
And chillye is the aire."

"If you must knowe, my stout fel-
lowe,"
Quoth she, "I wauk from choyce.
Yet scarce an houre agone was I
In my younge manne's Rolls-
Royce."

"He asted mee to necke with hym
And whenne I cryed hym shame,
He left me by the harde roadside
To take myself to hame."

"A curse uponne thy loutish carle
With manners bolde and free.
See, mayde, I also wauk from
choyce;
Wilt thou notte wauk with mee?"

"Thou waukst from choise? Be-
gone!" she spake,
"Oh, by my sorry starre,
That I should meete a sappe set
downe
From a lady's motor carre!"
Henry William Hanemann.

Best Newspaper Stories, 1926

"YEGGS Escape in Low-Power
Car."

* * *

"Beauty Contest Fails to Draw."

* * *

"Candy Bar Maker Goes to Wall."

* * *

"Lady Murderer Goes to Chair."

* * *

"Dempsey Waives All Money
Talk."

* * *

"Hell Freezes Over."

Reasonable Diagnosis

AUTHOR: What did old Goofus,
the critic, die of?
ACTOR: Skeptic poisoning, I guess.



"I HOPE YOU TWO ARE ENGAGED."
"I AM. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE IS OR NOT."

Retaliation

BILKINS stood cringing before
the Judge and faintly pleaded
guilty to a charge of assault and bat-
tery. Judge Mahaffey's voice
boomed through the dirty court room.

"You've admitted beating your
neighbor Jones over the head with a
golf club at his office. Why'd you do
it?" Bilkins gulped an answer.

"No matter how fast my car
would go, his always would go
faster. I got tired of hearing him
tell about it, and—"

"Have you anything else to say
before I pass sentence?" the Judge
interrupted.

"Only this, Your Honor," Bilkins
said hopefully. "May I visit Jones
at the hospital for five minutes? I
want to tell him I made the three
miles from his office in the patrol
wagon in three minutes flat."

Named

RUB: What are you called by the
people you work for?
DUB: Dad!



"YESS'R, CHIEF, ABSOLUTELY PRE-WAR JOHNNY WALKER IN TH' NON-
REFILLABLE BOTTLES. AN' WHAT'S MORE, THERE'S A DOLLAR REFUND ON 'EM."



The Gay Nineties

*"The Bowery, the Bowery!
They say such things and they do such things
On the Bowery! the Bowery!
I'll never go there any more!"*

An Unfailing Sign

"I WAS able to park within a block of my home last night for the first time this summer, so I suppose the prep schools and colleges are opening." The speaker was Grover Cleveland Smith, President of the First, Second and Third National Bank of Jonesville, and father of the Smith girls. "Every afternoon and evening since vacation began so many college cars have been lined up at my curb that until they got used to it the neighbors thought we were

remodeling the house. At first glance a college student's car does look something like a carpenter's, only rougher.

"I love my daughters and want to see them happy, but I hate to see our place looking like a used-car market. When the boys would leave in the evening it sounded like crossing the line with Pershing. What makes me mad is that my girls will ride on a bare chassis and be perfectly happy, provided it is steered

by a pair of wide pants from the right college; but let me fail to have one of our limousines polished or let me leave a dent in a fender twenty-four hours and they'll walk."

McCready Huston.

Too Many Crises

STUDENT: Said he'd kick us out of class, did he? What does that prof. think he's running here, the French Cabinet?

The Business Situation

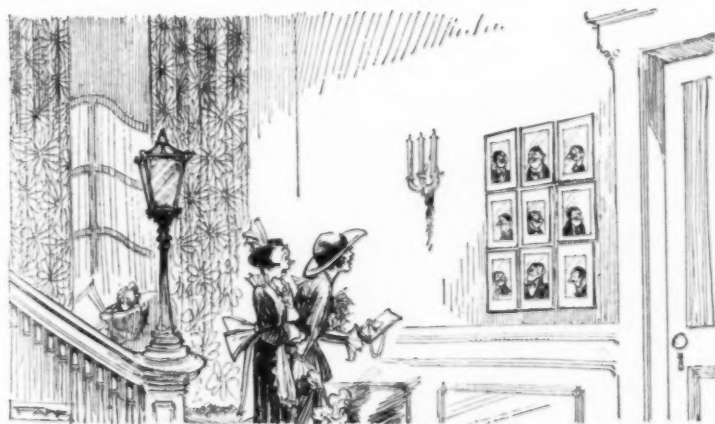
MONTHLY LETTER, PRESIDENT OF
FIRST NATIONAL BANK:

"WHILE it must always be assumed that our financial position, as the creditor nation of the world, is impregnable, and recognizing the fact that our bank clearings are constantly mounting and our manufacturing attaining new high levels of production, we should not overlook the possible effects of unfavorable weather conditions and political uncertainties in certain agricultural centers, as well as the increasing extravagance of local governments in fostering paternalistic enterprises, the final disastrous dénouement of the Florida real-estate boom, the chaotic condition of European money marts, and the assumption of enormous interest-bearing obligations—in the aggregate—by the masses in the purchase of luxuries that they cannot afford. It is the consensus of opinion among bankers, railroad executives, manufacturers, statisticians and financial editors that, while the first half of the fiscal year partook of the nature of a business revival, relatively speaking, and excepting a few less auspicious developments such as the corn belt unrest, it may be wise, within the bounds of economic rationality, to pursue a policy of retrenchment for the remainder of the year."

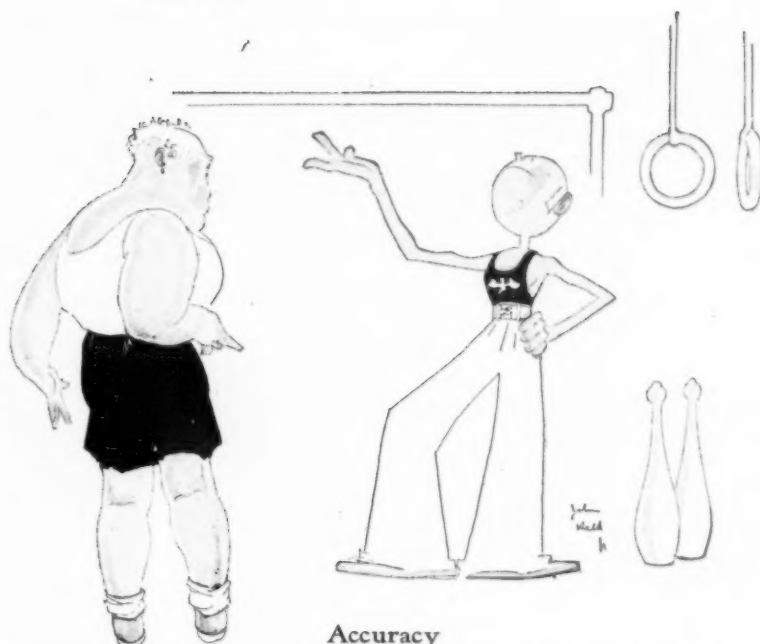
AVERAGE MERCHANT:

"Business is rotten."

A. Watkins.



"AND ONE OTHER THING, MARIE—IN ANSWERING THE DOOR, THESE ARE A FEW GENTLEMEN I AM ALWAYS not at home TO."



Accuracy

Physical Instructor: NOW, MRS. POUNDS, IF YOU WILL GRASP THIS BAR, AND TRY TO CHIN YOURSELF—

Mrs. Pounds: DOES IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE WHICH CHIN?

Trial by Ordeal

WE had advertised for a "brave man."

And this last candidate gave promise of meeting our demands. His references were first-rate: he had been married twice; he had gone to Chicago, voluntarily, three times. Save for the final test he had passed all the steps without batting an eye. Unflinchingly he had asked a hotel

clerk for a room without the pretext of having made a reservation. He had solicited Klan memberships in the City Hall. He had acted as a pedestrian for three hours.

Now came the final test.

But here the man's face blanched, his eyes rolled, his voice broke, and he sobbed a request to be spared this last requirement.

He simply couldn't allow any one else to control the lever of the drinking fountain while he sipped its waters.

G. P.

In Utopia

"THAT man in overalls is the boss's son. He's working here as a day laborer."

"I see. Starting at the bottom to work his way up, eh?"

"Not at all. He started at the top and they pushed him down."

Fairy Story

"YES, it is my firm belief that a newly married couple should be left entirely to themselves," announced the bride's mother.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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WERE there ever such dog days as this year, ever such a silly season? One

would think to read the papers towards the end of August that the chief end of life was to swim the English Channel and the chief end of death was to make a movie actor famous.

Extraordinary! And, by the way, Dr. Heywood Broun, in speaking of the public bereavement, observed that "it is a long sleep to which Valentino has gone, and very soon the thousands will have another symbol to take his place." True as to his last assertion: there will be another symbol to-morrow; but about the long sleep—is that news, or merely old stuff? The departed one is disqualified from appearing in any new picture until, at least, the spirit photograph adventure improves very much, but as to the long sleep, current information runs that the slumbers of the departed are not usually so protracted. The old notion that the dead slept through the ages, awaiting the Resurrection, is not supported by current information. Dr. Broun is doubtless aware of that.

FUNNY world, funny world, and remarkably crazy! How long does any one suppose it is going to last this way? It has not reached adjustment in anything. The war is over now since nearly eight years. The world ought to settle down, but it does not—not much!—though it does make progress in some things. For example, it was a symptom of

progress to have Newton Baker come out for cancelling the war debts. The Hon. Cyrus Curtis of the two *Evening Posts*—Sat. and N. Y.—is conscientiously and strenuously for the collection of the debts in the modified degree which has emerged from the consultations of statesmen on that subject. Mr. Curtis wants to collect; at least his editors do. Possibly he does not know what his editors write, not being himself in the editorial line any longer, and is only concerned about editorial opinions as they affect circulation and advertising. But any one whose duty it is to know what newspapers say will tell Mr. Curtis that his writers are for collection and they tell that side of the story pretty well; particularly some of those who tell it in the *Saturday Evening Post*. They say we have incurred a lot of discredit about those debts that we do not at all deserve, and that is true, but they make it appear—Mr. Garet Garrett does—that Europe is rolling in wealth and skinning the life out of us, which is not true. They talk about the propaganda for cancellation now so active. Well, in so far as there is propaganda Mr. Baker is a valuable addition to it.

Mr. Curtis's New York *Post* (now happily reduced to three cents) says Mr. Baker has made a covert attack on the tariff, which is funny; but it is a good attack whatever it aims at. Mr. Baker, who really seems to know something about the debts, reviews them from the beginning, and when he gives out as his conclusion that it is expedient now to sit around a table with the statesmen of Europe and take counsel with them about cancelling most of the war debts,

Mr. Curtis's New York publication says he is sounding the keynote of the Democratic campaign.



MR. BAKER has helped to induce a fresh discussion of the foreign debts, but the events that will determine the conclusion of the discussion may not have happened yet. Most people smile at the arrangements that have been made so far. They do not think they are real or that they will come to pass. They cannot imagine Europe digging down into its clothes for sixty years to come to repay to us for expenditures in adventuring in the World War. All that is a joke, useful in its way but not taken seriously. But suppose things should happen as suggested, with the aid of colored ink and pictures, in the middle pages of the magazine supplement of the New York *World* for August 29. On those pages is told the story of the prophecy recorded in the Great Pyramid, so well approved by the British-Israel people, too long to be expounded here, but to effect that on the 29th of May, 1928, the beans of this material-minded world are destined to begin to spill, and will continue to dribble away until the fall of 1936. The folks who believe this forecast, based on the pyramid, as said, are mostly Bible-fundamentalists, and of course no cautious observer would want to guarantee their expectation, though he might bet a little on it if the odds at Lloyd's were long enough. But if it befalls as they expect late in May two years hence, it will hit a Republican convention assembling somewhere to nominate a President and properly committed to the planks it means to adopt, including possibly this one about collecting the debts. That will be Mr. Baker's opportunity, if the Democratic convention sees it, of running against Mr. Coolidge, and what a very interesting competition it would be!

He's right about those debts, and getting righter every day. Even though the bankers are with him, as Mr. Curtis's papers point out, that doesn't make him wrong. The bankers want to save the world.

Clean up, brethren; clean up! It may be true that the worst is still to come!

E. S. Martin.



"For She's a Jolly Good Fellow!"



The Modern Suitor:



"Well, folks—you'll be glad to hear that my reaction to your daughter's consumer appeal is favorable. I'm sold on her!"



Wise Cracks

HERE is as good a place as any to give our annual warning to the Confidential Guide zealots who write hot, resentful letters about the frequent recurrence of the phrase, "To be reviewed later," on the opposite page. We hope that it will not be necessary to speak of this again this season.

From now until the end of October, an average of three plays will open each night—except Fridays. And as this paper humors the printers by getting itself in their hands about two weeks before publication, this means that, when the Guide is made up, there will be some twenty-odd plays which must be listed but which have not even opened when the page is written. There is only one phrase which fits our attitude toward these plays at this time and that is "To be reviewed later." We might take a chance and say "Rotten" after each one, but sometimes you can't tell.

So to those readers who are irritated at the seeming slovenliness of "To be reviewed later," we again extend the warning that they are in for a bad couple of months, and we hope that they will express their feelings to those in their immediate family-group and not to us. We also wish to remind them that the Federal law making a reading of the Confidential Guide compulsory has recently been repealed. So, if they don't like it, there is always Nature's great alternative.



FOR instance, here are two plays, "The Home Towners" and "Loose Ankles," which are already established successes, before we even put pen to paper. There isn't much to say except that they deserve to be. Neither one is very great shakes, but, for what they set out to be, namely, popular entertainment, they earn every nickel that comes in.

"The Home Towners" in particular is Popular Entertainment. In writing it, Mr. Cohan has given us the small-town mind, beautifully articulate in Robert McWade, and has put into the part nothing that the small-town mind could not easily have evolved. There is nothing more subtle in it than a good sock on the nose.

Most of the humor comes from one *H. P. Bancroft's* (Mr. McWade's) antagonisms, and these antagonisms are expressed in a rapid-fire series of sallies and come-backs which are as typical and flawless as anything in "Babbitt." They are not George M. Cohan come-backs.

They are *P. H. Bancroft's*, and they convulse Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Bancroft in the audience (which means all but the last two rows). Only once does Mr. Cohan slip and let his hero talk Cohan instead of *Bancroft*, and that is when he refers to a particularly obnoxious youth as "America's youngest Pain in the Neck."

All of which is highly satisfactory to every one except those who happen to prefer typical Cohan wise-cracks to typical American wise-cracks. And they are not the same thing, Mr. Cohan himself to the contrary notwithstanding.



JUST why we objected to "Cradle Snatchers" and do not object to "Loose Ankles" we can not explain, unless it is that in "Loose Ankles" we do not have to watch the amorous matrons at play. We hear about them from their scornful gigolos (and many an earringed ear must flush prettily under the heria as it hears what the boys say when they get home from a party), but we are spared the unpleasant sight of *die Sehnsucht* itself raising its ugly head. In fact, Mr. Janney's play ought to have a highly sanitary effect just because it leaves so much to the mind's eye. It is going to make many an old girl stop and think—or, at any rate, stop.

"Loose Ankles" is replete with wise-cracks, but in the hands of Osgood Perkins and Charles D. Brown they sound pretty genuine, especially when these two are giving a novitiate the gigolo-down on the game of dancing-mothers. "Loose Ankles" will never win any prizes, but it will make a lot of people laugh.



WE once remember complimenting Mr. Pemberton, the producer of "Loose Ankles," on having the piano in one of his productions really played by the person seated there instead of by an unseen Cyrano in the wings. In spite of our approbation, the play did not make money for Mr. Pemberton. And perhaps the conventional way is best, for in "Loose Ankles," which ought to make plenty of money, the off-stage piano is evidently cleverly concealed in the building next door to the theatre. And anyway, who cares?

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Donovan Affair. *Fulton*—A murder mystery by Owen Davis, with Robert T. Haines and Phoebe Foster. To be reviewed next week.

The Ghost Train. *Eltinge*—Moderate thrills derived from the passage of trains through a country station.

The Great God Brown. *Klaw*—Eugene O'Neill's metaphysical drama proving that there is a Thinking Public as well as a Theatre Public.

The House of Usher. *Mayfair*—Interesting, but not as interesting as all this.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric at her best in a stark account of how a colored girl earned a trip to Paris—without return, thanks to Henry Hull.

Number 7. *Times Square*—To be reviewed later.

One Man's Woman. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Never mind wrapping it up—it's for the dog.

Sex. *Daly's*—Well, it seems there were two people—a man and a woman—

The Shanghai Gesture. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Florence Reed back at the old stand again at the

corner of Hung Chow and Elm Streets. The same girls redecored, and the same old hoke just as it was.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—This and "Valencia."

The Adorable Liar. *Forty-Ninth St.*—With Tom Wise, Dorothy Burgess and Eric Dressler. To be reviewed next week.

At Mrs. Beam's. *Guild*—A panic in a London boarding-house caused by the presence of a suspected wife-killer. Good comedy.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Interest in this one has revived to such an extent that it has postponed going on the road. We are open for offers for our special antagonism to new shows. Two hundred dollars a week and we will oppose a show for the entire length of its run.

Henry, Behave! *Nora Bayes*—John Cumberland in a mildly amusing farce.

The Home Towners. *Hudson*—Reviewed in this issue.

If I Was Rich. *Mansfield*—Known in Chicago as "A Great Little Guy," with Joe Laurie, Jr. To be reviewed next week.

The Little Spitfire. *Cort*—With Sylvia Field. To be reviewed next week.

Loose Ankles. *Biltmore*—Reviewed in this issue.

My Country. *Forrest*—The author of this is the first man we have been able definitely to locate who has seen "Abie's Irish Rose."

No Trespassing. *Sam H. Harris*—With Florence Shirley, Edwin Nicander and Juliette Day. To be reviewed later.

Potash and Perimutter, Detectives. *Ritz*—The sixth of the series by Montague Glass and Jules Goodman. To be reviewed next week.

Service for Two. *Gaiety*—By Martin Flavin, with Hugh Wakefield and Marion Coakley. To be reviewed next week.

She Couldn't Say No. *Booth*—With Florence Moore. To be reviewed next week.

Sour Grapes. *Longacre*—A comedy by Vincent Lawrence, with Alice Brady, Frank Conroy, John Halliday and Flora Sheffield. To be reviewed later.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes seems to have given this Barrie revival a two-year lease on life.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—A smart and amusingly satirical revuelet, with Lew Brice and Roy Atwell.

Castles in the Air. *Selwyn*—With Vivienne Segal and J. Harold Murray. To be reviewed later.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—The original satirical revue, still holding its own.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Containing two of the best dance hits of the summer-hotel season. It also has Puck and White.

The Great Temptations. *Winter Garden*—Carnal and colossal, with a real entertainer in Jack Benny.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—By this time Mr. Ames must feel quite repaid for having put on the best Gilbert and Sullivan revival in years.

Kitty's Kisses. *Playhouse*—Dancing and that's about all.

A Night in Paris. *Forty-Fourth St.*—The title, while a slight exaggeration, gives you a good idea.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—With Luella Gear, Charles Ruggles and Frank McIntyre. To be reviewed later.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue have been just about a year on their feet in this, but you'd never know it.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—And these boys have been singing for a year in this one.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—In spite of Julius Tannen, the Avon Comedy Two, and Moran and Mack, this edition of Mr. Carroll's show leaves something to be desired.

Ziegfeld Revue. *Globe*—James Barton, Rae Dooley and Andrew Tombes in a pleasant evening.

Correct

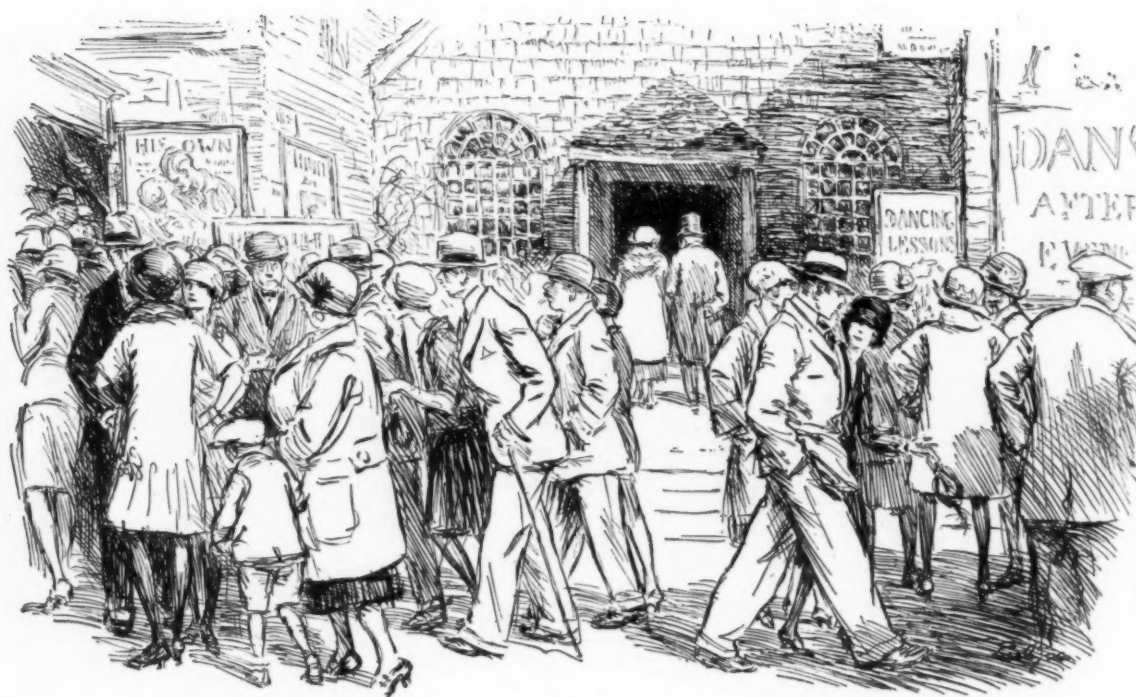
THE orator, making the Eagle scream, shouted: "What did America get out of the war?" But before he could demonstrate his country's altruism, a member of the audience answered: "The name of 'Uncle Shylock,' near-beer and a letter from Clemenceau."



"MIND YOU—I'M NOT CRITICIZING HER—I'M ANALYZING HER!"



1850



1926

Sic Transit Gloria Sunday

The Call

THE East and the West Winds are calling and calling,
The South and the North Winds are calling me, too.
And each has a voice so completely enthralling
That I'm in a quandary what I shall do!
When wanderlust gets you, you burn as with fever,
You thrill and you shiver, you chill and you glow;
If you have a wife you undoubtedly leave her,
Unless you can take her along as you go.

The orchids are blooming in fair Athabaska,
The ice-floes are crunching in far Zanzibar,
The tigers are roaming through Southern Alaska
Or Southern Tibet, or wherever they are;
There's China to go to—there's Borneo, Egypt,
There's plenty of places, if one has the fare.
And though all the way you would probably be gypped,
If you had the wanderlust, you wouldn't care!

And can I stay home when the ships are departing
To sail over seas that I never have seen?
And can I stay home when the rovers are starting
On trails that are blithe—if you know what I mean?
And can I stay home and grow soft when the acid
Of wanderlust burns, and trails call to a man?
And can I stay home where it's humdrum and placid?
The answer is easy—I certainly can!

Berton Braley.

Rare Gifts

FIRST FLAPPER: I once knew a girl who could wiggle her ears.

SECOND FLAPPER: That's something worth mentioning, but my cousin Nellie is over fifteen and she can blush naturally.



*Sporting Bystander: EVEN MONEY ON THE LITTLE FELLOW.
The Little Fellow. TAKEN!*

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I'm simply THRILLED to death because I've become a TheOPHilist because I mean I think this KRISHNAMURKY person is the most DIVINE man I've ever SEEN, my dear—I mean I ACTUALLY DO! I mean he has the most ADORABLE-looking LASHES, my dear—simply YARDS long and the most allURING eyes you've ever KNOWN and he has FRIGHTfully high IDEALS and everything, my dear, because I mean he's a 'MesSIAH' or something peculiar who doesn't eat MEAT and just plays TENNIS and GOLF instead of DANCING or anything kind of FRIVolous like that because the TheOPhilists are all kind of STRICT about things like that. Well, this KrishnaMURKY, my dear, is a HEALER or something, I think, which is terribly interesting, I mean, because I used to know a boy at YALE who was HEALING the NEWS or something all the time, my dear, but anyways I think this KrishnaMURKY is simply ADORable and I mean I'd give simply ANYthing in the WORLD to meet him because I bet he's perfectly FAScinating to TALK to even if he DOES insist on REFORMING everybody or something which I think is a SIMPLY obNOXIOUS idea, my dear, because I think it is FRIGHTfully sort of anNOYing to be reformed all the time—don't YOU? Well, anyways, I think being a TheOPHilist is actually the nicest kind of a reLIGION to be, my dear, because KrishnaMURKY is so FRIGHTfully attractive and everything and this Mrs. PHEASANT or something who is chaperoning him is a perfect old PEACH, I think, because I mean she's eighty-nine or some perfectly appALLING age like that, my dear, and BOBS her hair! I mean she ACTUALLY DOES!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Undeceived

BRIDGET: Before I went as cook to Mrs. Brown, yez told me she was sweet-tempered.

NORAH: Well?

BRIDGET: Well, yez did her great injustice.



DR. JOSEPH COLLINS, in Maurice Duplay's "Our Doctors" (*Harper*), which he has translated from the French, states that the theme thereof is not the drive against cancer, but the moral regeneration of man through suffering. And as if that were not enough, he adds in conclusion that in deference to the laws and idealism of America, Chapters IV and XV have undergone considerable deletion and paraphrase, which is equivalent to saying that the kick has been removed from the story. Neat advance work, that.

But if you are, like me, one of those hale and hearty creatures who delight in the ghastly revelations of

the syndicated health symposiums of our newspapers, and who read every word of the literature wrapped around a patent panacea or a tube of tooth paste, the doings of *Daruel*, the protagonist, may hold some interest for you. He is an eminent Paris medico with an earnest ambition to discover a cure for cancer. He washes his hands in a monogrammed silver basin given him by some grateful patient, and, in spite of his scholarship and standing, is not exactly the man whom you would like to have fussing with your appendix if he happened to have a subsequent tea engagement with a lovely lady. He runs the gamut from queens to cocottes in the pursuit of

his pleasures, and plays politics in which indigent and unimportant candidates for his services are out of luck. It takes the death of the woman he most adores by the disease which is his specialty to soften him up and give the sacerdotal touch to his surgical performances. After that sad occurrence, he stops worrying about the rosette which some of the other big boys are wearing, and gets down to the humanitarian side of his business.

A story dealing so intensively with the medical profession must necessarily give away some of the trade secrets, although I doubt whether the wives of successful physicians

(Continued on page 34)



"BUT IS HE INTELLIGENT?"

"INTELLIGENT! SAY, LADY, THAT DOG'S A W-O-N-D-E-R! I'M SPELLIN' IT SO'S NOT TO MAKE HIM CONCEITED, Y'UNDE'STAND."

Complimentary Couplets

I LOVE the way that Rupert Lord
Puts paper orchids in his Ford.

For Mabel Crouse I have a yen;
She takes a taxi to the five-and-ten.

I'm quite intrigued by Walter Knox;
He wears white spats, omitting socks.

Of foreign lands, 'tis Mexico
To which I'd like best not to go.
G. S. C.

Women at Their Worst

YOU: How about a nice steak?

SHE: Well, let's see. Waiter,
what's omelette à la Carcassonne?

(The waiter carefully explains.)

YOU: The steaks are really good
here.

SHE: Waiter, are the lobsters nice?

(The waiter assures her they are.)

YOU: Perhaps you'd like a chop?

SHE: I wonder—something in a
chafing-dish—or a salad. What's
Flamboyants of Capon, waiter?

(The waiter long-sufferingly goes
into great detail.)

YOU: I think I'll have steak.

SHE: Is it safe to order oysters
so early in September? Waiter,
could they make me up one of these
chef's special grills?

(The waiter assures her that they
could—very easily.)

YOU (husky with joy): And some
potatoes—

SHE: Waiter, never mind the grill.
I don't think I care for it. Waiter,
what's Rococo of Veal?

(But the waiter has disappeared.)

YOU (long since reduced to
idiocy): How about a nice
steak?

Robert Lord.

Narrow Escapes

INTERVIEWER: Aren't
you sometimes frightened
when you look down at the
street below you?

STEEPLEJACK: Yes. Only
yesterday I thought sure I
was going to see a pedestrian
get run over.

FATHER can't understand
why there should be such
a turmoil over outfitting a girl
for college. From what he is
able to observe, all she needs
is a new pair of garters and
a railroad ticket.



The Book Lovers

No, Not One

"NO, Johnnie, positively you can-
not have another single piece
of candy....No, absolutely not!
Now, don't start tuning up to cry,
or I'll give you something to cry for.
...No, I won't give you a piece of
candy afterward....Now, dry right
up; I said not another piece of candy
to-day, and you've simply got to learn

that Mother means what she says....
Besides, too much candy isn't good
for little boys....Stop whining
now; I said no....Are you trying to
drive your mother distracted? And
my poor head's just splitting in
two!...NO! I said....There,
don't cry, now—I'm sure I'll be a
nervous wreck before this day's over.

I simply can't stand the noise.
...Why don't you go out-
side and play?...OH! Please
do hush....Will you go on out
if I do?...Very well, then
—but only two pieces, mind
you....Now, get out and stay
out....Thank Heaven! Now
I can have a few moments'
peace....That child has just
simply got to learn some day
that when I say no, I mean it."

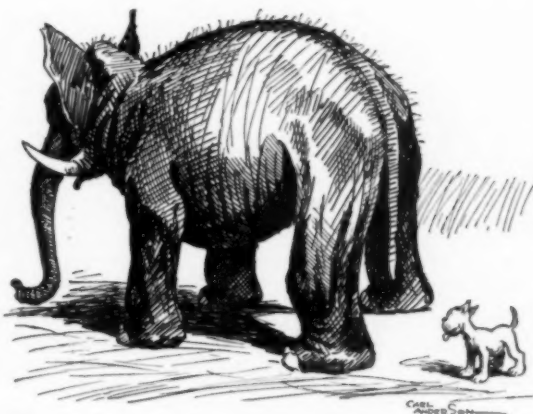
Marion E. Burns.

A Good Haul

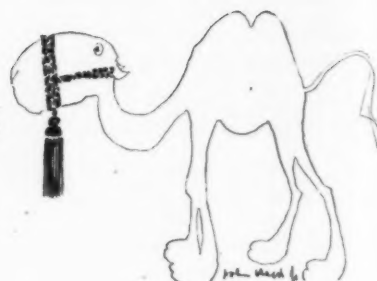
JIM: Bandits have just
robbed the First National
Bank!

WILL: What did they get?

JIM: A teller, a policeman
and a couple of innocent by-
standers.



Dusty the Pup: I'LL BET THERE'S A BIG ENOUGH
SUPPLY OF BONES IN THAT BIRD TO LAST ME THE
REST OF MY LIFE.



"Beau Geste"

EVERY one of the millions (it seemed to be that many) who read and were thrilled by Major Percival Christopher Wren's novel, "Beau Geste," will rush to the film parlors to see how Field-Marshal Adolph Zukor and Oberstlieutenant Jesse Lasky may have maltreated this tale of brotherly love on the seething sands.

It is inconceivable to me that any one will come away from the movie of "Beau Geste" unsatisfied. I was the one who didn't read the book, but I did read "Beau Sabreur," and if that is any criterion*, then the picture represents a considerable improvement on the novel.

Certainly, Herbert Brenon has done his greatest work in "Beau Geste." He has made it gorgeously beautiful, which was to be expected; what is more important, he has managed to equip it with a complete set of muscles.

The opening scenes, of the desert and the horribly silent defenders of Fort Zinderneuf, are effective beyond words. They serve to grasp the spectator firmly by the throat, and their clutch is never quite relaxed, even through those portions of the story which describe the earlier and duller doings of the brothers Geste.

The story itself is well constructed, and the element of mystery is maintained to the end—a considerable feat in a twelve-reel movie.

MR. BRENON has done remarkably well in the selection of his cast, particularly in the individual cases of Noah Beery and William Powell, who create characters that are strong and real and new. Mr. Beery is not far from magnificent in a rôle which might easily have been ham.

*NOTE—This is really a subtle "joke," as "Beau Geste" is now playing at the Criterion Theatre in New York.

As the three Geste boys, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes and Neil Hamilton are all splendid, and Victor McLaglen and Donald Stuart represent the American legionnaires as real, honest-to-God Yanks—which is more than Major Wren succeeded in doing.

IF "Beau Geste" is weak at times, it is because of too much plot. Pictorially and dramatically it is superb.

Recent Developments

(The following pictures, previously reviewed in LIFE, have been recommended to our readers.)

The Scarlet Letter. Lillian Gish gives a beautiful, mature performance as Hawthorne's oppressed heroine.

So This Is Paris. Not Lubitsch's best, by any manner of means, but enlivened by the sprightliness of Patsy Ruth Miller and the rare drollery of André Beranger.

One Minute to Play. Red Grange is pleasantly ingratiating in an exceptionally good college picture.

The Son of the Sheik. Much better than its popular predecessor.

The Wise Guy. An unusual and daring story of crooked evangelism, directed by Frank Lloyd.

Mantrap. Clara Bow and Ernest Torrence are very good in this comedy of the great North woods.

The Devil Horse. Horses—horses—horses.

Mare Nostrum. Rex Ingram and Blasco Ibañez collaborate again on a drama of Teutonic perfidy in the late war.

Aloma of the South Seas. The story is terribly silly, but Gilda Gray is great.

Ben-Hur. The birth of Christianity and Marcus Loew's bankroll.

Variety. A singularly enthralling drama of German vaudeville, with the magnificent Emil Jannings.

The Black Pirate. Douglas Fairbanks performs in color. Romantic, thrilling and beautiful to behold.

Moana. The real truth about the glamorous South Seas.

Sparrows. Mary Pickford in an appealing and surprisingly grim story of the Southern swamp country.

The Merry Widow. If you haven't seen this yet, you're in for a rhythmical treat.

The Big Parade. The great war picture, with John Gilbert and Renée Adorée.

"The Show Off"

THAT strictly native disciple of the strictly foreign Lubitsch, Malcolm St. Clair, has demonstrated his real worth in "The Show Off." He has taken a simple play of average American life and has made a genuinely tender, touching, sympathetic picture of it.

All of Mr. St. Clair's pre-established cleverness, his deftness in the construction of gentle gags, is apparent in "The Show Off"; but there is something more—a quality of human understanding, an ability to penetrate the skin.

With excellent performances by Ford Sterling, Claire McDowell, Lois Wilson (better than she has ever been before) and Gregory Kelly, "The Show Off" is a worthy reproduction of a great comedy.

"Battling Butler"

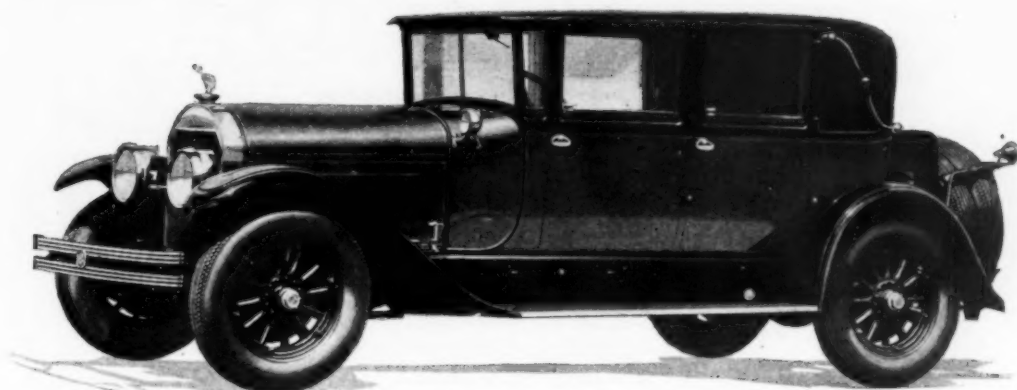
THE fondness of this reviewer for the works of Buster Keaton is a matter of record, and I can only say of "Battling Butler" that it is just as funny as it ought to be.

It is one of those mistaken-identity plots, exactly like "The Hottentot," "Going Up," "Introduce Me" and many others in its external form. The treatment, however, to which this obvious story has been subjected could have been administered by no one but Buster Keaton. His approach to any given objective is completely his own.

There are some rousing fight scenes, in which Buster receives a succession of punches that look absolutely authentic. Francis MacDonald is thoroughly convincing as the deliverer of these socks.

A GLANCE through the foregoing reviews should establish the fact that, after all, the editor of this department isn't a mean old crab who never has a good word to say for any one.

R. E. Sherwood.



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WHEN some one tells me of the dream
She had at coming of the dawn,
I quench a vicious anatheme,
And yawn.

And when I hear about a car,
How sweet the purring engine goes,
I hold my moribund cigar,
And doze.

When anglers tell me of the flies
That lured the salmon from the deep,
I close my celebrated eyes,
And sleep.

But of the dull experience quaters
Most soporific yet is he
Who "could have bought some General
Motors
At 33."

—F. P. A., in *New York World*.



"GASTON, BE QUIET; YOU'LL HAVE ME
BLUSHING CRIMSON AND THERE'S A BULL
LOOKING AT ME."

—Le Rire (Paris).

Not So Faint Perfume

Lois, returning late from the theatre,
found her sister Leatrice wrapped in absorption over a letter.

"One of Grandmother's love letters,"
explained Leatrice, looking up.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Lois. "Isn't it
terribly quaint and old-fashioned?"

"It oughtn't to be. She wrote it after
she got in to-night."

—American Legion Monthly.

Return of the Irving Berlins

"In the afternoon Mr. Winslow and Mr.
Berlin went fishing on the motorboat Always,
which is named for one of Mr. Berlin's songs."

—News item.

AFTER which they drove back to the
cottage in the Ford touring car Alexander's
Ragtime Band.

—New York Herald Tribune.

They'd Better Avoid Gray

To revive an old gag, isn't there every
probability that Dempsey and Tunney
will be shot in Philadelphia by a watch-
man who will mistake them for a couple
of Confederate soldiers?

—New York Sun.



"WHAT PART OF THE PLAY DID YOU LIKE
BEST?"

"OH, MAMA, IT WAS THE MOMENT I WAS
TALKING TO MR. ROBERT."

—Sans-Gêne (Paris).

Of Limerick Fame

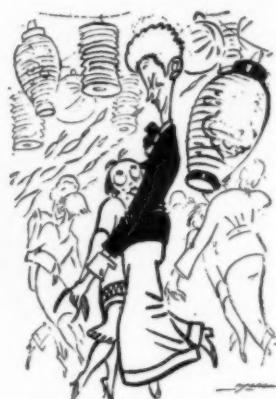
TEACHER: Now, Jones Minor, what do
you know about Crewe?

PUPIL: Please, sir, it's the place where
there once was an old lady of.

—Humorist (London).

IN Mexico they never sigh for the
Good Old Days: they bring them back.

—Detroit News.



"DANCE A LITTLE FARTHER AWAY FROM ME,
FRANCIS, OR MOTHER WILL SCOLD."

"BUT HOW CAN I—IN THESE TROUSERS?"
—L'Esquella de la Torratxa (Barcelona).

Main Street in Summer

"WHAT could be more restful than a
drowsy August afternoon in a village,
with nothin' t' upset th' peace an' quiet
but Fords gittin' under way, a young
student whippin' his saxophone int' shape
fer th' college year soon t' begin, or th'
occasional exchange o' shots?"

—Abe Martin, in *Indianapolis News*.

Within the Law

IN the "Chinatown" wax works ex-
hibit at the Ocean Park Pier, Los An-
geles, an upstairs group of dummies is
indicated by a sign which reads: "En-
trance to Opium Den—No Smoking."

—Variety.

Motto for a Dog House

I LOVE this little house because
It offers, after dark,
A pause for rest, a rest for paws,
A place to moor my bark.

—Saturday Evening Post.

PERHAPS the country's greatest need at
present is a substitute for substitutes for
the saloon.—Ohio State Journal.



"I SAY, OLD MAN, COULD YOU LEND ME
FIFTY FRANCS?"



"LEND? A MERE TRIFLE! LET ME MAKE
YOU A PRESENT OF IT—YOU OWE ME
NOTHING."



"THAT'S CERTAINLY NICE OF YOU. AND NOW
THAT I OWE YOU NOTHING—ER—COULD YOU
LEND ME FIFTY FRANCS?"

—L'Intransigeant (Paris).

It Never Fails

I WAS about to start out on my first day of hiking at Glacier Park when Bert stopped me. Bert is one of those fancy cowboys who escort "dudes" over the Glacier trails, and he appears to enjoy it.

"You gotta map an' compass?" he asked, and I assured him I had.

"Well, hev you gotta deck of playin' keards?" he persisted.

"Why a deck of playing cards?" I asked.

"Always carry a deck with you, son, and whenever you get lost an' find yer-self all alone in the wilderness set down an' start a game of solitaire. There's jest sure to be some darn fool pop up an' look over your shoulder an' tell you what to do next."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Those Easy Payments

"Buy your home by instalments. One-tench down and reminder weekly."—*Advt. in a provincial paper*.

We've just had a reminder from the furniture people.—*Humorist*.

A RESIDENT of Saginaw was observed one morning using "a new kind of device for cutting his grass." Maybe it was his own lawnmower.—*Detroit News*.



"TELL ME, ELLA, IF YOU READ SUCH BOOKS AS THIS NOW, WHAT WILL YOU BE READING WHEN YOU ARE MY AGE?"

—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich)*.

THINK of the countless things we can't do without that haven't yet been invented for us.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

Harold Bell Replies

MR. HAROLD BELL WRIGHT, we are interested to hear, can pun rather bitterly. Invited to a hot-weather "Bohemian" party, he was informed that among the guests would be Mr. Blank, a high-brow novelist whose scorn of Mr. Wright is well known, but whose books fail to sell.

"You know Mr. Blank, don't you?" asked the hostess.

"Ah, yes," murmured Mr. Wright. "The young ineffectual, you mean?"

—*New Yorker*.

Hopes Aroused

A MAN opened a restaurant which he called "The Gourmand."

A salesman entered one day and asked: "Where can I see Mr. Gourmand?"

"I was hoping you were he," answered the proprietor.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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Another One of Those

"How was the home-talent concert at the op'ry house last night, Amzi?" asked a neighbor who had not attended.

"First rate—all but the singing," replied one who had.—*Kansas City Star*.

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In the Throes

(Continued from page 10)

this. I bet he goes out whenever he wants to. I wish I was Kipling.

I wish I was anybody but me. I have the worst life I ever heard of. Nothing but pencils and pads all day long. Oh, so you're a writer. Oh, that must be awfully interesting. Yeah, it's a great life. Hm—mine woister enemies shouldn't have it! I wish I was Milt Gross. I bet he's out in God's wholesome sunshine.

Nothing but work; that's me. And no play. I'll be a dull boy, first thing you know. Lord, what a lot of dull boys I've known. And more every day. They didn't get that way from working, though. Nobody has to work but me. It's no wonder I get blue. If I had a lot of money and didn't have to work, I bet I'd be nice. I'd be a peach. I'd have clothes that would knock your eye out, too.

Write, write, write. It's a wonder I have any arm left. Tennis players have over-developed forearms. I wish I was playing tennis. But no, I have to stay here and work. That's fine, you all just run along and enjoy yourselves, and I'll work. I have my sweet little pencil and my cunning little pad, and I'll just write my little curly head off. Here I go now.

And what the hell am I going to write about?

Curiosity

WONDERING is an activity I most heartily endorse whenever I get the chance, because it can be engaged in at any time or place, free of charge.

Right now I'm very busy wondering about "Franklin's Hole," a big dent in the earth's surface out in Arizona, three-quarters of a mile across and a thousand feet deep.

While the rest of the eminent scientists are eagerly asking one another what caused it, when, and so forth, I am wondering how many used cars would be required to fill it and why they aren't doing so.

Just as soon as I possibly can arrange things, I'm also going to wonder why some Congressman doesn't buy the hole, build a residence over it, and use it for a cellar.

Les Van Every.

A Business Help

HE was a perfect business man. So right away he began the day's work by tacking up in his place of business the bright little wall motto:

"Don't Watch the Clock!"
He was a taxicab driver.

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the broker



he means

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LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

NEATNESS, personality, good clothes—all are characteristic of these men of success. Comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing and it stays well-groomed all day.

The effect isn't artificial either. It can't be that with Glo-Co Hair Dressing because Glo-Co Hair Dressing isn't a sticky, greasy paste or cream. It's a liquid that makes the hair soft, pliant and lustrous. Is just as fine for the scalp as for the hair. Stimulates the hair roots to new growth, and helps keep dandruff away. Your doctor would recommend it.

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(Continued on next page)

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A MACHINE FOR
EVERY PURPOSE

—Celebrate Fifty Years of Progress at the Sesqui-Centennial

THE half Century from the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876 to the Sesqui-Centennial of the present year constitutes a remarkable period in Remington Typewriter history.

It was at the Centennial fifty years ago that the Model 1 Remington, the first practical typewriter, made its initial public appearance. The machine was then a curiosity, and visitors to the exposition purchased samples of its work for twenty-five cents apiece.

The period between these two great expositions has witnessed the conquest of the entire world by the writing machine, and the Remington Typewriter today is a universal necessity of modern business and modern life. This great record of progress has been recognized in the designation of the Remington as the *Official Typewriter of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition*.

The outstanding feature of the Remington Typewriter Line in this Sesqui-Centennial year is its universality—for it is the one typewriter line which includes a *Machine for Every Purpose*.

Remington Typewriter Company

374 Broadway, New York

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TYPEWRITERSNOISELESS
TYPEWRITERSELECTRIC
TYPEWRITERSPORTABLE
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TYPEWRITERSACCOUNTING
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REMINGTON Typewriter representatives are more than mere salesmen. They are trained and efficient counselors, equipped to diagnose every office problem and to recommend just the right Remington machine for each requirement of any line of business.

Remington-made Paragon Ribbons and Red Seal Carbon Papers always make good impressions.



Come this
Autumn to

The BROADMOOR

World-famed resort hotel in 2000 acres of its own mountain park that solves your "between seasons" problem a new and better way.

September and October

Warm days—cool nights—gorgeous scenery—summer vacationists gone. Your ideal time to rest, play and recuperate.

Golf—18-hole championship course.

Polo—Two Broadmoor fields at the base of Cheyenne Mountain.

Motoring—Mountain highways 10,000 feet above sea level.

Social Life—Diversified, exclusive, enjoyable.

Finest of metropolitan hotel accommodations.
Write for literature

THE BROADMOOR

Colorado Springs, Colorado

When do Men start to get young?

When they shave with Barbasol. Saves time, looks better, feels like a million. No brush. No rub-in. You just try it—three times—according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.



For Modern Shaving

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 24)

will, after reading it, strip off their diamond bracelets through fear that one or two of them may symbolize unnecessary operations. Dr. Collins states also in his preface that his attention was attracted by its title on the Paris bookstalls last spring. What a lavish reciprocal gesture could be made if a French doctor with writer's itch caught sight of "Arrowsmith"!

"SUSAN SHANE," by Roger Burlingame (Scribner), is the story of a girl who could have doubled (and let us say "in brass" for the sheer literal worth of the term) for the lad who bore through snow and ice a banner with the strange device, etc. The minute the heroine saw her first cherry tart in its professional making, she also saw her name in gilt against a white background over an eating-place on Fifth Avenue. Then and there she took a vow that nothing should stop her in her march to her goal. And from sordid and beggarly rural surroundings she fought her way up along those lines, tripling her prices when the summer people struck town, and tempering them later to suit the trade-winds, sparing no man a smile or an extra charlotte russe. On the altar of commercialism she sacrificed the one weakness of her life, young David Cord, but in the end she married a millionaire, and who amongst the hardboiled element will deny, in spite of her occasional swoopings in David's direction, that Susan knew what she wanted? I must confess frankly that Mr. Burlingame, in attempting to harden his heroine's character, seemed to be stirring in the cement with a shovel, and if he hadn't allowed her to relent and give poor May Billings her full week's wages on page 211, I should have dropped his novel into Lake Otsego then and there.

Having a distinct personal terror of lighting a gas stove, I cannot understand an ambition to be in the first flight of caterers. But I am able to grasp the success of a young woman whose banner bears her own name in gilt longhand against a white background, because I have eaten once or twice in Fifth Avenue establishments with such legends over their doors wherein the portions look like samples and the prices read like a garage invoice.

Baird Leonard.

Stacks It Up

"THEY say he makes piles of money."

"Yes, he's a teller in the bank."

Science proves the danger
of bleeding gums



Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Drugists

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
800 6th Ave., N.Y.
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KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG

Tedious treatments unnecessary
if the soap used for daily cleansing is

Resinol

STOPS

AUTO SICKNESS

Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Paris Montreal London



Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

here that I do consider the general contumely in which skunks are held to be out of all proportion to their actual offensiveness.

August 26th Reading further this morning in "Early Autumn," I did come upon the statement that one of its characters had loved for its own sake the struggle which he had been forced to make in life, which is a state of mind wholly incomprehensible to me. In fact, as the shadows begin to lengthen across my own span, I do find myself more and more alert for paths of least resistance, and albeit I am not totally blind to the viewpoints of those who go in for early American furniture and the rough byways of beauty, my own inclinations lean toward overstuffed upholstery and state roads. To luncheon at the Blanks', where the talk turned to Aggie Lytle, and the visible signs of affection which still do prevail between her and her spouse after all these years, and I could not but reflect that my Samuel will never lay himself open to such

Coming—

The
Freshman Number

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Gay Nineties
Number

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Football Number

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John Held, Garrett Price,

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♦ ♦ ♦

You should read

LIFE

Every Week!

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept
free from corns..



LOUISE GROODY'S Famous Dancing Feet

"I always have Blue-jay on hand when trouble is a-foot!" writes the dainty and delightful Louise Groody, now starring in the New York musical comedy success, "No! No! Nanette."

"Stage work isn't always kindly to a dancer's toes. But I never have corns. For at the least sign of an approaching callus, I put on a Blue-jay."

Blue-jay is an old standby to folks who reap fame and fortune from their feet. A soft, velvety cushion fits over the corn and relieves the pain at once. Usually one plaster ends the corn. But even an "old offender" seldom requires more than a second. . . . At all druggists.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1926

a merry accusation, forasmuch as he does treat me when we are in public as if he had but recently made my acquaintance, until sometimes it does seem to me as if he were bending backwards in order to show his indifference. But such an attitude does not disturb me so long as I do not have to summon a hypnotist before I can get him to sign a cheque, which is almost the extreme to which poor Aggie must resort in such a connection, I understand. Home to mend my little brown needlepoint bag, and then up the lake in the launch before dusk so that the men might disport themselves spearing the huge carp, and in a discussion of the last word in futility Mary Lowe did win, her suggestion being an attempt to disguise the taste of castor oil. *Baird Leonard.*

Saving Something

"WHAT would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"Tell my wife I had a hundred thousand."

Across the Atlantic

FRANCE
GERMANY

ENGLAND
IRELAND

Unusually attractive and comfortable accommodations are offered in First, Second and improved Third Class on the splendid steamers RESOLUTE, RELIANCE, HAMBURG (new), DEUTSCHLAND and ALBERT BALLIN. Also in the One-class cabin and improved Third Class on the steamers CLEVELAND, THURINGIA, and WESTPHALIA—all modern oil-burning liners—world famous cuisine and service.

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138 day Cruise—25 Countries
59 Ports and Cities

S. S. RESOLUTE

Rates—\$2000 and up

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UNITED AMERICAN LINE, INC.

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Branches in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia,
San Francisco

or local steamship and tourist agents

How many people actually have halitosis (unpleasant breath)?

*Read what dentists
have to say about this:*

EVERY reader of Listerine advertising knows about halitosis (unpleasant breath), that insidious thing that not even your best friends discuss with you.

Yet there are still a few "doubting Thomas" folks who think halitosis is only a state of mind.

Out of simple curiosity we put this question up to a carefully selected list of dentists—1000 of them—and in a letter asked them the following:

Do you ever use Listerine, in self-defense, in the mouth of a patient troubled with halitosis, unpleasant breath?

Please answer if you use it this way (1) Frequently, (2) Occasionally, or (3) Never.

Four hundred and forty replied as follows:

83% said "Frequently"
15% said "Occasionally"
Only 2% said "Never"

Now, what human being meets halitosis at closer range, face to face, than the dentist? And who would be a better judge of this condition—and how to combat it—than the dentist?—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

puts you on the safe and polite side—

*Special
Note*

Well—it worked!
For quite a while we challenged people to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Sales now show that when they try it they stick to it!
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

*Special
Note*

ORIGINAL MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"



PRINCE CLEMENTE ROSPIGLIOSI
Italian prince, member of the house of
Rospigliosi, whose honor roll includes
Pope Clement IX. Prince Clemente is
but one of the many scions of royalty
and nobility the world over who smoke
and endorse Melachrino cigarettes.



*Il caso riseriva sulla
vita dei grandi piaceri, e uno
di questi grandi piaceri l'ho
avuto il giorno in cui conobbi
il gusto delle sigarette Melachrino
e non posso più fumare
altre sigarette*

*Prince Clemente Rospigliosi
Roma Settembre 1925*

TRANSLATION

Through chance we sometimes get great pleasures
in life, and one of these unforeseen pleasures I had
the first time I tasted a Melachrino cigarette. Since
then I cannot smoke any other cigarette.

PRINCE CLEMENTE ROSPIGLIOSI

Plain-Cork
or
Straw Tips



Life



TAKING THE LEAD

For CHESTERFIELD's swift gains, look to the
cigarette itself, its unchanging good taste, and
its unvarying high quality

Chesterfield

